



# Restart



42 0 1

## Chapter 1 by eelir J

He sits still looking through the tinted window at the source of light, this bright giant star that everyone owes their life to. "It is life itself!" - he thinks. No plant, no animal would have developed without the light of the sun. And now, it is dying. A new star will be born out of it. But not before it takes all the life that depended on it first. He has known about this for several decades now. He struggled for so long to convince the Ministry of Science and Education that the end is approaching and it is just a matter of decades before it is too late to react. His calculations and research methods were discarded as pseudoscientific, but he is sure that he is right.

At least he managed to build it. He will save the race and almost all possible life forms from this planet. But, what about the ones left behind? They will disappear without a trace! He will disappear without a trace. But, that does not matter. Most of his family will live, his children and their future families. Well... Sort of. The sun is going down behind the silhouette of tall skyscrapers. What if he was mistaken? What if his calculations were wrong? He spent his life searching for investors and scientist that could help him with his project. What if all of this was wrong? What would the lives of his children be if he did not instill his ideas to them? Would they all have been as successful as the one that did not believe in his father. "Rohem, my son!"- he whispers.

Rohem did not believe his father's theories. He felt ashamed from his "mad" father, who believes in some Apocalypse that almost no other scientist can confirm without a doubt. He decided to continue a normal life, he graduated in economics and works at the large financial

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to accept it now. He hopes that after all Rohem will forgive him and maybe spend the last days together. After all, there is no space for him on the ship, and he will be left behind. What will 160 years old man contribute when recolonizing a new planet? He has no mate, and he does not want one either. He prepared his children and other that believed his word about anything he could. Actually, his daughter Minya and his little son Nuhk might be more prepared about everything than he will ever be. He is old, even with all the technological and pharmaceutical advancement it is rare that one lives beyond 140 years.

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